THE Village Boy.

MORN ſhook her locks, the budding roſe
Smil'd at the dart, which paſsd away,
In renovated beauty blows,
And ſheds her perfume o'er the day;
When Lubin, Nature's ruſtic child,
Try'd calm contentment to enjoy,
And ſweetly thus in wood-notes wild,
Would cheerful ſing the Village Boy.

Since Sylvia's kind, how bleſt my days,
No other bliſs I'd wiſh to know,
The graces ever mark her way,
In her all gentle virtues glow;
The ſlaves of fortune let me ſhun,
My humble cottage to enjoy,
When toil and labour o'er and done,
Thu cheerful ſung the Village Boy.

Returning, at mild evening hour,
Perchance my Silvia I may meet,
For her I'll cull the ſweeteſt flowers,
And ſtrew them at my fair one's feet;
Then, as they drooping fade away,
Twill ſhew how time all things deſtroy,
Since beauty's like a flower in May:
Thus cheerful Sung the Village Boy.